MY OLD ASS

Written by

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OVER BLACK THE SOUND OF A BOAT ENGINE RUNNING FULL THROTTLE

RUTHIE (OVER BLACK)
Hold on. Hold on! Hold on!

ELLIOTT (OVER BLACK)
Ruthie, you're fine. I'm not even driving that fast.

RO (OVER BLACK)
(singing)
It's your birthday, bitch. It's her birthday...
(then)
You're legal now. Now you got legal buttcheeks.

RUTHIE (OVER BLACK)
Oh, my god. You can't say shit like that, Ro.

FADE IN:

EXT. DUKES ROASTERY DOCK — LATE MORNING.

A close up of a teenage girl driving a boat really, *really,* fast.

This is ELLIOTT LABRANT. Eighteen, an undeniable sparkle in her eye. The type of teenager that's high off their ass with youthful energy and gusto. Fucks with our perception of femininity. She's funny, confident with an inherent levity.

We cut out and reveal that she's driving the smallest, most decrepit tin boat you've ever seen. Crammed in with her are her best friends:

RO, eighteen, confident, chill. Rivals Elliott's cool factor, which is saying something. Along with their other bestie, RUTHIE, eighteen, sweet, softer energy. They putter up to the dock at Dukes, a boat access coffee shop.

RO
Oh, now we gotta stop here so you can get with some like, random girl, but whatever.

RUTHIE
Yeah.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT
She's not some random girl! We've been, like, flirting with each other since fucking grade eight. I gotta at least shoot my shot before I leave.

RO
If this works, you've officially gotten every girl in town. Every single girl.

RUTHIE
That's true.

Elliott looks proud.

ELLIOTT
That's not true. That's not --

Elliott tries to park and accidentally hits the dock.

RUTHIE
OH MY --

RO
Holy shit!

ELLIOTT
I'm-I'm so sorry!

RUTHIE
(to Ro)
Are you okay?

RO
Is my neck still there?

RUTHIE
No. You're good, you're good, you're good...

Elliott backs up to try again.

ELLIOTT
I'm gonna be honest and tell her I'm leaving in three weeks. If that leads to us banging...

Ro and Ruthie roll their eyes.

ELLIOTT
That musta been God's plan. That's out of my hands. You know what I mean?

Ro laughs just as Elliott crashes into the dock even harder on her second attempt. They both throw their hands up.

CONTINUED:

RUTHIE
You gotta slow down. You gotta slow down.

RO
Bro.

ELLIOTT
I'm sorry, I'm like, I'm so used to driving boats that drive like this...
(she mimics a steering wheel)
Not this twisty wrist shit.

She backs up to try one more time.

RUTHIE
Maybe you should actually get your boating license.

ELLIOTT
I've been driving heavy machinery since I was eight, Ruthie. So...

Elliott hits the dock again as she parks.

RUTHIE
Are you sure... oh!

ELLIOTT
Oh, shit. Sorry.

Elliott stands, reaches out to grab the dock. Engine stops.

RO
You know... it's an idea.

ELLIOTT
Help me pull it in. Pull it in.
(as they do)
I don't think boating licenses are, like, a real thing. It's like a formality.

Elliott climbs out of the boat onto the dock.

RO
You guys got it? Okay.

ELLIOTT
Yeah.

Elliott grabs the rope to tie the boat up.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT
Okay. Grab that rope at the end...

Ro and Ruthie climb out to safety as Elliott finishes docking the boat.

RUTHIE
Oh, my gosh.

RO
Fucking life or death experience right there.

The three stand on the dock, a collective breath.

ELLIOTT
Okay. Made it. It's "go" time.

The three check body parts and embrace like survivors.

RO
You're alive. You've got this.

RUTHIE
Have fun in there.

ELLIOTT
Thank you.

RO
You be safe, kid. Wrap it up!

As Elliott walks down the dock, Ruthie and Ro wince.

RO
Oh, bitch. My back is thrown.

RUTHIE
I know. Like, my neck...

CUT TO:

INT. DUKES ROASTERY. LATER.

Elliott is mid-conversation with CHELSEA, a girl maybe a year older. She wears a Dukes Roastery uniform, uber feminine, very cool, smart girl energy. They clearly know each other.

CHELSEA
They're like, they're a medical marvel, right?

ELLIOTT
That's true.

CONTINUED:

CHELSEA
They cure our UTI's. We need them. They fight for us, we should fight for them.

They both laugh, definitely flirting.

CHELSEA
So... you said you're leaving town really soon, right?

ELLIOTT
Twenty two days.

CHELSEA
Okay, shit. It's like that? You have to do a countdown. You just so in a rush?

Elliott smiles.

ELLIOTT
I mean, there is *one* thing I'll really miss about this place.

She throws her a killer smile. Damn, she's smooth. Chelsea blushes, into it.

Off Chelsea throwing her a VERY loaded look, we smash cut to.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUKES BACK STAIRWELL. SECONDS LATER.

Elliott and Chelsea make out HARDCORE, like ear biting, little bit of choking vibes against the wall. Off Chelsea, moaning with pleasure.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELLIOTT'S HOUSE. LATE MORNING.

A wide shot of a charming old traditional Muskoka cottage sitting amongst tall pine trees on the edge of the water. The sun makes the water sparkle. It's stunning. We overlap a boy's voice, whining.

SPENCER (O.C.)
Her hair's starting to melt!

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S KITCHEN. SAME TIME.

Elliott's mom, KATHY, late 40's, warm, Ina Garten energy, and her dad, TOM, the quintessential small town farmer, sit at the kitchen table finishing breakfast with their sons. The theme of the kitchen is cranberry-heavy. Cranberry dishes, cranberry art, cranberry napkins. You get it.

They all stare at a melting birthday cake, unlit candles on top. MAX, sixteen, bored and direct, leans in for a look.

SPENCER, ten, mouth full of braces, weird as hell in the coolest way, whines again.

SPENCER
It's going to ruin the surprise!

MAX
That looks like a sheep.

SPENCER
Took me an hour.

It absolutely looks like a sheep. A beat of silence.

KATHY
(confidence waning)
She'll be here soon.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUKES ROASTERY DOCK. SAME TIME.

Ruthie and Ro sit on a bench on the dock waiting for Elliott, inspecting the contents of a small plastic baggie.

RO
No, so listen. I had an uncle because my aunt married this guy... but then they got divorced, but he had a guinea pig. The PetSmart that he bought it from, he had... *she* had a kid, and the kid gave me the drugs.

RUTHIE
(a bit sketched out)
Uh, so, a literal stranger.

RO
Noooo. I just told you that...
(changes topic)
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

RO (CONT'D)
No. Listen. He said they're super rare and they're from South America.
(thinks, then)
Africa.

RUTHIE
Do we just chew them?

Neither one looks entirely sure. Ruthie pulls out her phone.

RUTHIE
I'll look it up.

RO
(sniffs bag)
Are these South American?

RUTHIE
(typing)
How do you spell "hallucinogenic"?

Ro finishes her sniff test, proud.

RO
That's Africa.

RUTHIE
(still searching)
I-I don't know, "mushrooms."

RO
Um, I think you can like chew them or, like, maybe some type of herbal tea with them or some shit.

Elliott suddenly appears beside them. Disheveled, with a cheeky look on her face. She passes them both iced coffees.

RO
Finally.

ELLIOTT
No, we're not making tea with them. I heard if you make tea with them you can't control how high you get.

RO
(impressed)
Look at you.

RUTHIE
What were you doing?

Elliott's saved by her phone ringing. Her mom. She ignores it.

ELLIOTT
Not now, Mom.

CONTINUED:

RO
Kathy, WE'RE VERY BUSY.

ELLIOTT RO
We're trying to do drugs, Come on!
Mom!

Elliott heads towards the boat, the other two follow.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE. MOMENTS LATER

A dope song starts playing as we see their tiny boat from above as they fly across the open water.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE. AFTERNOON.

Over the song, they set up their tents (badly).

RO
Before we get too far into it, should we make an emergency plan in case, IN CASE anything bad happens?

ELLIOTT
No! Nothing bad is gonna happen. That's like, the whole point of shrooms. Nothing bad happens on shrooms.

RUTHIE
What if one of us like, gets too high and says something fucked up and it changes the fabric of our friendship forever?

Clearly none of them had thought about that before. Off their unsure faces.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE. AFTERNOON.

All three squat in a line, peeing in the woods. Off Ruthie playfully pushing Elliott over, mid pee.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE. SUNSET.

They swim in the lake. Ro and Ruthie bob around and we just see Elliott's legs sticking up from the water - in the middle of a handstand contest.

Elliott pops up, smiling. Ro and Ruthie score her.

RO
Two point five.

RUTHIE
Ten!

Off their laughter.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE BONFIRE. DUSK.

The three of them stand around the bonfire, Elliott pours the entire bag of mushrooms into a tea kettle.

RUTHIE
No! Not the whole bag. That's way too many.

RO
That's why you gotta get your weight up.

LATER. The three hold up their cups of mushroom tea.

RO
To Elliott.
(mimes a walker)
You old bitch. May you experience a fucking, I don't know... a new level of consciousness or some shit tonight.

They clink together their mugs of tea and take the first sip. Ruthie puckers her lips, gross.

Elliott and Ruthie watch as Ro downs her entire mug.

RUTHIE
(concerned)
Ro.

ELLIOTT
RO.

They laugh as Ro covers her mouth.

CONTINUED:

RUTHIE
You're burping. Oh my god.

RO
I thought we were... don't you guys wanna get there?

RUTHIE
Yes, but...

ELLIOTT
Alright. Okay. One, two, three...

Elliott and Ruthie try to finish their mugs.

RO
(watching, cheering)
Let's go. Let's go. Let's go. Chug, chug, chug, chug...

They both stop.

RUTHIE
I can't do it.

ELLIOTT
(letting out a yell)
Ahh. It's so bad...

RO
Chug it, chug it, chug it!

Off Ro's cheers, Elliott and Ruthie finish their mugs.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE BONFIRE. NIGHT.

It's very quiet now. Some time has clearly passed. The three of them sit and stare silently into the crackling bonfire.

The water laps. A loon cries out.

RUTHIE
Oh, I'm scared. Are you?

RO
Actually, I'm a little scared too.

ELLIOTT
I'm weirdly... not?

CONTINUED:

A twig snaps off camera, they turn and look. Def scared.

ELLIOTT
The fuck was that?

RO
Okay, ummmm...

RUTHIE
I feel like I need to call my mom.

ELLIOTT
There are bears here. My mom told me.

RO
Shut up. Let's just be normal guys and talk about something, something normal. Something...

RUTHIE
Let's just talk about something normal.

No one knows what to say.

RUTHIE
(borderline panicked)
Um. Can you like talk about your hopes and dreams or something, Elliott? Please.

ELLIOTT
My hopes... and *dreams*?

RO
Fucking yes. Hopes and dreams.

Elliott takes a deep breath. Smiles.

ELLIOTT
Word, word. I've got hopes and dreams. Okay. Well...
(thinks, then)
I'm just excited that my life is about to finally start.

Ro and Ruthie nod.

ELLIOTT
Even though the world is literally on fire and full of uneducated racists, I'm trying to force myself to have... hope?
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)
And I feel like moving to Toronto, living in the city, going to school, like it all just feels RIGHT... you know?

Ro and Ruthie nod again except this time their eyes are slightly wider.

ELLIOTT
Uh. Like, mad respect to my ancestors but I do NOT wanna be a third generation...
(thinks, corrects)
I *can't* be, a third generation cranberry farmer and live in a town with three hundred people.

Ro and Ruthie now have super big smiles on their faces. Elliott doesn't notice, keeps rambling.

ELLIOTT
And I always feel bad every time I say that but it's like - I've got energy, I've got hype!

Ruthie begins to slowly, slowly lay down. Ro is smiling comically big now.

ELLIOTT
Like the world? The world is literally our fucking oyster, like we gotta LIVE, you know what I mean?

No one says anything. Elliott finally looks over and sees Ro dancing silently and Ruthie laying face down on a log, brushing the same leaf on her cheek over and over.

ELLIOTT
Holy shi -- oh my god. Are you trippin? Are you guys trippin?

RUTHIE
(very slowly)
I don't know...

Ro just continues dancing.

RO
I feel like grooving, man. I feel like grooving.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT
What the fuck? Ruthie?

Ruthie falls off a log as Ro dances away from the fire.

ELLIOTT
Oh my god.
(to herself,
flabbergasted)
“I feel like grooving man.” Wow.

Elliott sits down at the bonfire, watching them. Jealous?

ELLIOTT
I don’t feel anything.

We hear a voice off camera.

VOICE (O.C.)
You know it’s cause you don’t
tolerate drugs well.

Elliott turns and there’s a WOMAN sitting RIGHT next to her at the bonfire. She’s in her late 30’s. She looks a bit like Elliott, but with a slightly darker edge to her.

Elliott scoots back from the woman. Freaked the fuck out.

ELLIOTT
What the fuck --

WOMAN
Hey, freak.

ELLIOTT
Who are you?!

WOMAN
(interrupting her,
realizing where she is)
Oh my god, this is Maude Island.

Elliott leans back, arms out protectively like she’s a murderer.

WOMAN
(nostalgic)
I used to love this place! Damn.
It’s a shame some dickhead rich guy
bought it all up. Sucks.

The woman notices the marshmallow on her stick is on fire. She blows it out, then casually pulls off the completely blackened marshmallow and shoves it in her mouth.

CONTINUED:

WOMAN
Oh. Yes, yes, yes. Oh, yes.
(re: the marshmallows)
Oh my god, I miss chemicals. Mmm.

Elliott watches this all, flabbergasted.

ELLIOTT
Who the FUCK are you?

The woman takes in Elliott. Sees her genuine confusion for the first time.

ELLIOTT
Where did you come from?

WOMAN
(mouth full of marshmallow)
You tell me. You're the one who took a bunch of mushrooms and summoned me here.

ELLIOTT
Do you work for my dad? Did he send you here to spy on me?

The woman laughs.

WOMAN
HA! That *is* something he'd do. That's funny. But, no.

ELLIOTT
God?

WOMAN
(sighs heavily)
I don't know how to say this...
(whispers)
yes.

Elliott doesn't get it.

WOMAN/OLDER ELLIOTT
Elliott. Come on. Dude, I'm you.
Well, thirty-nine-year-old you.

ELLIOTT
What?

OLDER ELLIOTT
(casual)
What's up?

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT
What are you talking about?
(a beat)
You're me? Fuck off. What?

OLDER ELLIOTT
You fuck off.

ELLIOTT
Your teeth. Those aren't my teeth.

OLDER ELLIOTT
So? What about my teeth? What?

ELLIOTT
There's a fucking gap in your teeth. I don't have a gap in my teeth.

OLDER ELLIOTT
Yeah, dude, fuck you. Wear your retainer.

Elliott squints. Still doesn't see it.

ELLIOTT
And your hair, it's so dry... and it's dark.

Older Elliott, fed up, holds up her arm.

OLDER ELLIOTT
Take it easy.

ELLIOTT
You have bangs. I don't have bangs - I have no plans on getting bangs.

OLDER ELLIOTT
Take it easy, bitch.

OLDER ELLIOTT
First of all....

ELLIOTT
And your boobs are saggy. My boobs aren't saggy.

OLDER ELLIOTT
(inspects sweater)
Okay. You can't even see my boobs.

ELLIOTT
I just don't see it.

OLDER ELLIOTT
Oh my god.

Enough. Older Elliott puts down her marshmallow, turns to her.

CONTINUED:

OLDER ELLIOTT
Forgot how fucking dense I was. Let me show you something. Um, this...
(points to a scar)
Right? Nine years old. Falling off the tractor onto that broken fence. Hurt like hell.

Elliott's eyes get wide. Older Elliott points to her boob.

OLDER ELLIOTT
Left boob, one cup smaller than the right. And no, it never catches up to the right but honestly, you get used to it and it's okay. Guy's can't really tell. Girls can, but...

Elliott gasps, grabs her left boob.

OLDER ELLIOTT
Okay, more. Fuck it...

Older Elliott takes her shoe off. Holds her foot up.

OLDER ELLIOTT
Ta-da! It's our missing pinky toe. Remember? From the tequila accident at Ruthie's second wedding.

Older Elliott immediately realizes she shouldn't have said that.

OLDER ELLIOTT
Oh, fuck. That hasn't happened yet. Shit. I shouldn't have said that.
(a beat, then)
Actually, I kind of miss my toe. Can I see it?

Elliott looks super confused then breaks into a massive smile.

ELLIOTT
Holy shit. I'm high.

OLDER ELLIOTT
Yeah...

She jumps up, excited.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT
Nice! Okay. I'm feeling it. I'm having a reaction to the shrooms. They. Are. Working. I am hallucinating.

Elliott gets on all fours, sticks her face super close to Older Elliott.

ELLIOTT
I'm actually kinda hot for being middle aged.

OLDER ELLIOTT
Okay. Fuck you. I'm thirty-nine years old that's not middle aged.

ELLIOTT
No. That is middle aged.

OLDER ELLIOTT
No, it's NOT. I'm a very young adult.

ELLIOTT
Really? 'Cause I'm getting "milfy" vibes -

OLDER ELLIOTT
Oooh. Nobody says "milf" anymore.

ELLIOTT
I'm kinda gagging over it.

OLDER ELLIOTT
NOBODY says "gagging over it" anymore either. So...

ELLIOTT
Wait. Oh my god. Okay. Tell me everything! Where do we live? Do we have kids? Are we like, SO happy and fulfilled?

Older Elliott takes in her younger, naive, optimistic, self.

OLDER ELLIOTT
Oh my god. That is... *yeah.* I forgot how...

She tries to think of the word.

CONTINUED:

OLDER ELLIOTT
Simple everything seemed.

ELLIOTT
(starting to panic)
Wait, that sounds dark. Do you die? Am I dead?!
(getting closer to her)
Does the planet just burn up and explode and we all suffocate --

OLDER ELLIOTT
Chill out. No. We're alive.

ELLIOTT
This is turning into a bad trip. I feel this is turning into a bad trip. And I'm trying to have a good time, but you're giving me a fucking panic attack.

OLDER ELLIOTT
Okay. No. Chill out...

ELLIOTT
Just tell me something good!

OLDER ELLIOTT
Um, something good. Umm....

ELLIOTT
Why are you struggling to find something good from the future?

OLDER ELLIOTT
Oh! This is good.

Older Elliot's smile gives Elliott a sense of relief.

OLDER ELLIOTT
You are going to be fucking psyched to know that you are a...

ELLIOTT
(anxious, waiting)
Okay, tell me.

OLDER ELLIOTT
PhD student.

Elliott stares at her.

OLDER ELLIOTT
Fuck yeah.

ELLIOTT
No. What? You're joking.

CONTINUED:

OLDER ELLIOTT
But I don't want to tell you in what because I want you to have something to look forward to.

ELLIOTT
Look FORWARD to? Did you just tell me I'm in my forties and still in SCHOOL!?

OLDER ELLIOTT
Thirties. THIRTIES.

She starts pacing.

OLDER ELLIOTT
Dude. What the fuck? Did you honestly think you were gonna be married, have multiple kids AND your dream job by the time you were forty?

Elliott stares at her. We can tell from the look on her face that she absolutely did.

OLDER ELLIOTT
Oh. You did. Okay.

Elliott thinks, a big smile comes as an idea hits her.

ELLIOTT
Wait. I just had the best idea. You tell me who the next Apple is and I'll invest now and then we can be INSANELY rich.

OLDER ELLIOTT
I don't think that's a good idea.

ELLIOTT
WHY?

OLDER ELLIOTT
Because I don't know how this shit works. I don't want to like, fucking, get bad karma or like... one thing happens and the other shit happens. Like, I don't know.

Elliott looks at her older self, eyes sparkling, naive, open.

ELLIOTT
Oh, come on. What's the point of this conversation if you can't at least give me some advice to make our life better?

CONTINUED:

OLDER ELLIOTT
Alright. That's not, like, the "fix." I don't think that's the...

ELLIOTT
You're telling me that wouldn't fix at least a couple of your problems? Your current problems?

Tempting, but Older Elliott isn't convinced.

OLDER ELLIOTT
I just, I don't think I...

ELLIOTT
Or is our life just so flawless and perfect that you don't wanna change anything?

Gotcha. Older Elliott takes a deep breath, caving.

Older Elliott tries to figure out how to say what she so desperately does want to say without giving away too much.

OLDER ELLIOTT
Can you avoid anyone named Chad?

Elliott doesn't follow.

ELLIOTT
What? Who the fuck is Chad?
(not impressed)
You have ONE chance to tell your younger self your biggest life regrets, and you ask me to avoid someone named "Chad"?

OLDER ELLIOTT
Yeah.

ELLIOTT
Are you high?

OLDER ELLIOTT
No. Just do it.

ELLIOTT
This is the weirdest fucking thing...

Before Elliott can protest, her phone buzzes. They both look down and see an incoming Face-time from MOM. In unison, but with totally different emotions behind it --

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT
Oh my god.

OLDER ELLIOTT
Oh my god.

Elliott hits ignore. Older Elliott just stares down at the phone screen where the name “Mom” just was.

OLDER ELLIOTT
You should have answered --

ELLIOTT
I’m not gonna FaceTime Mom when I’m high.

Elliott doesn’t pick up on Older Elliott’s emotion.

OLDER ELLIOTT
Dude. I know she can be annoying but, like... be nice to her.

ELLIOTT
I’m SO nice to Mom.
(off Older Elliott)
I literally let her talk to me yesterday about a hummingbird for forty five minutes.

OLDER ELLIOTT
That’s cute.

ELLIOTT
It was annoying.

OLDER ELLIOTT
Honestly, you should hang out with her. Like, hang out with her. Do stuff with her.

ELLIOTT
Oh, my god. That’s who you look like! Mom! That’s who you look like. You look exactly like Mom. What the fuck?

OLDER ELLIOTT
I know, I know.

ELLIOTT
Do you get that?

OLDER ELLIOTT
Yes. All the time. Everybody says that. Everybody.

ELLIOTT
Holy shit. That’s crazy. Everyone just turns into their mothers.

CONTINUED:

OLDER ELLIOTT
Yeah, basically. Honestly, I thought it was a bad thing, but I kind of like it now.

ELLIOTT
It works. It works.

OLDER ELLIOTT
Mom's cool.

Older Elliott takes in her younger self.

OLDER ELLIOTT
Can we hug?

Older Elliott pulls her in for a hug, closing her eyes, savoring the moment more than younger Elliott can grasp.

OLDER ELLIOTT
Get in here.

ELLIOTT
This is so weird.

OLDER ELLIOTT
Mhmm.

A long beat. They both look out over the water.

ELLIOTT (PRE-LAP)
I thought I'd be happier at forty.

CUT TO:

INT. TENT. LATER.

They are now crammed inside the tent. A beat as they stare up at the ceiling. This cuts through Older Elliott like a KNIFE.

The camera is above both of them, oddly familiar yet so different. They both sigh and move their hair out of their face in an eerily similar way.

OLDER ELLIOTT
You are happy. And I'm not forty, asshole.

As we watch them take each other in for a beat, a blink and you'd miss it flash of sadness crosses over Older Elliott's face.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT
You don’t look happy. I feel like... you’re having a midlife crisis.

OLDER ELLIOTT
Well, I feel like you're high on mushrooms so you don't know shit.

ELLIOTT
True.
(a beat, smiles)
I have an idea. Can we... kiss?

OLDER ELLIOTT
No.

ELLIOTT
What? Why?

OLDER ELLIOTT
Why?

ELLIOTT
It's just a kiss. It's not, like... sexual.

OLDER ELLIOTT
A kiss is innately sexual.

ELLIOTT
No, it’s not.

Older Elliott can’t help but smile. She wants to be mad but it’s... a compliment?

OLDER ELLIOTT
Why do you want to kiss yourself?

ELLIOTT
You don't want to know what it's like to kiss yourself?

OLDER ELLIOTT
I mean, yes, I do, but it's like you're younger so it's weird.

ELLIOTT
Okay, can I at least touch my old ass?

OLDER ELLIOTT
Oh, my god. You need to be locked up.

ELLIOTT
Just a quickie. I'm not gonna, like...

OLDER ELLIOTT
Fine, do it.

CONTINUED:

A long moment. Older Elliott smiles.

ELLIOTT
I'm not gonna, like, shove tongue in your mouth.

OLDER ELLIOTT
Fine, kiss me, I don't care.

ELLIOTT
Really?

OLDER ELLIOTT
Fine.

Elliott smiles, rolls over to kiss her old self.

ELLIOTT
(squeals)
Oh my god.

OLDER ELLIOTT
What?

ELLIOTT
I just wanted to know what it was like to kiss myself.

OLDER ELLIOTT
Okay. Well, now you know.

ELLIOTT
I loved it.

OLDER ELLIOTT
Now you know.

ELLIOTT
Wow.

ELLIOTT
That was fucking hot and you know it.

They both laugh which dissolves into a comfortable silence. Elliott yawns. A moment lingers between them.

OLDER ELLIOTT
Okay. Can I say one last thing?

ELLIOTT
(yawning)
Oh, god. I mean, you already told me I'm a mature student in the future, so it literally can't get any worse.

CONTINUED:

OLDER ELLIOTT
No, I’m serious.

Older Elliott takes a breath. So much to unpack.

OLDER ELLIOTT
You are so lucky. Life will never be the same as it is right now.

ELLIOTT
(yawning again)
Great.

OLDER ELLIOTT
You're gonna go to the city and everything's gonna be exciting and busy and... You don't even go home for Thanksgiving this year. You stay in the city.

Her voice catches.

OLDER ELLIOTT
You should go home.

Elliott yawns again, half-listening.

OLDER ELLIOTT
The only thing you can't get back is time. When you get older, it goes by so fast, dude. So fast. It sucks.
(a beat)
Elliott.

Older Elliott looks over to see that Elliott has fallen asleep. Older Elliott panics, not ready for the moment to be over.

OLDER ELLIOTT
Elliott?

ELLIOTT
(half-asleep)
Mm. What?

OLDER ELLIOTT
Oh, my god.

Elliott stirs, but keeps her eyes shut.

OLDER ELLIOTT
Where's your phone?
(no response)
Phone?

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT
(half asleep)
Tiddies.

OLDER ELLIOTT
Tiddies?

Older Elliott reaches in for it. It takes her a comically long beat to find.

OLDER ELLIOTT
Weirdo.

Once she does, she types something which we can't see. Then she puts it back.

Elliott is sound asleep. We stay above them, as Older Elliott pulls her in, cuddled together in the tiny tent.

CUT TO:

EXT. TENT. NIGHT.

Ro and Ruthie are still off in their own blissful worlds, Ruthie actually cuddling a wild bunny. Ro howling at the moon as she dances.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE. EARLY MORNING.

Ruthie and Ro load up the boat as Elliott lays like a corpse on the ground. We only see their feet stepping over and around her.

RUTHIE
And then the bunny sang and it sounded like Celine Dion, like so beautiful and good, and then hundreds of smaller bunnies all came out of the woods. They spoke Mandarin though so I don't know what the lyrics meant but they FELT beautiful.

ELLIOTT
I'm so jealous you guys had good trips.

CONTINUED:

RO
Nah, I mean, meeting your older self sounds lit as fuck.

RUTHIE
I feel like you don't tolerate drugs well, Elliott.

That phrase makes Elliott freeze.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S BEDROOM. DAY.

Elliott, now showered and in sweats, packs boxes in her room. Most of her stuff is already off the walls and in boxes. She clearly has one foot out the door. Kathy walks by, stops.

KATHY
Oh! I didn't know you were here.

ELLIOTT
Yeah, I got back a little bit ago.

We catch a flash of sadness across her mom's face, watching her pack.

KATHY
I tried to call, we had a cake for you.

ELLIOTT
No.

KATHY
Yes.

ELLIOTT
(feeling bad)
Mom, you guys had a cake?

KATHY
Yeah.

ELLIOTT
I'm sorry --

KATHY
No, it's okay.

ELLIOTT
I thought I told you I was leaving early with Ro.

KATHY
Oh. Maybe you did. I probably forgot.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT
(genuine)
I'm sorry.

Kathy waves her hand. Smiles.

KATHY
No, don't be sorry.

A beat. She hovers.

KATHY
Did you have fun?

ELLIOTT
Yeah.

KATHY
You know, it was so cold last night, I wondered if you had enough blankets.

ELLIOTT
Yeah, we were fine.

KATHY
Yeah? Well, at least it didn't rain. You know, I was looking at the radar, and it said there was a fifteen percent chance of rain at seven, but then it went east.

ELLIOTT
Yeah, we were good.

Elliott smiles, nods. Goes back to unpacking. Kathy, out of ways to try and connect gets the hint.

KATHY
Okay. I'll leave you to it.

She goes. Off Elliott's face after Kathy leaves. Stopping to think about what her older self said for the first time when a text comes through on her phone. She looks down. We see it's from "Hot Barista Chelsea". Off Elliott's face, lighting up, already forgetting the moment with her mom.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELLIOTT'S DOCK. DUSK.

Elliott and Chelsea go at it in the boat. Chelsea says between heated kisses.

CHELSEA
(breathless)
I've never hooked up on a boat before.

Elliott laughs, grabs her with a ferocious vigor. Off them going at it, the boat rocking.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELLIOTTS DOCK. EARLY MORNING.

Elliott and Chelsea lie asleep in the boat, covered by a blanket.

SPENCER (O.C.)
What are you guys doing?

Elliott and Chelsea look up, confused, half awake at Spencer staring down at them. Chelsea tries to cover them up with a thin blanket.

ELLIOTT
(one eye open)
Spencer! What are you doing down here at the ass crack of dawn?

SPENCER
(deadpan)
It's eleven am.

And with that he cannonballs directly into the lake.

ELLIOTT
(look of dread on her face)
It's ELEVEN?! Shit.

Off Elliott's face, totally fucked.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM. LATE MORNING.

Elliott tries to keep up with her dad's quick pace as he busily walks along a dyke in field.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT
I’m here! I’m here! I’m sorry I’m late.

TOM
Almost gave up on you, kiddo.

And with that he gets in with Max and starts driving away. Elliott feels like shit.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE OF ELLIOTT WORKING ON THE FARM

Elliott jumps up into her tractor.

Elliott drives her tractor across the dykes.

On the ground, Elliott helps her mom with some heavy hoses, wiping sweat which is dripping into her eyes.

Elliott driving the tractor across another dyke going another direction.

Elliott walks through the property with a shovel across her shoulders, squinting in the sun.

Elliott tills dirt in a smaller tractor. Then gets out and throws rocks she unearthed into the pond as Max drives by in a gator.

Elliott drives the big tractor again across the dykes.

The montage ends with Elliott walking, exhausted, towards the back of the property.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL LAKE ON FARM. LATE AFTERNOON.

It’s a beautiful late afternoon on the quiet bay. No one is around, you can’t see any houses. Elliott looks behind her and then peels her sweaty clothes off. Run jumps into the lake.

She comes up, feeling refreshed when all of a sudden, another head pops up about four feet away.

Elliott screams.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT
Whoa! What the fuck?!

The other head belongs to a BOY about her age who looks equally as startled. Elliott covers herself under the water.

BOY
Sorry! I didn't meant to scare you--

ELLIOTT
What the fuck?

He has a quirky smile. It's weirdly charming.

ELLIOTT
How long were you down there? I've been here for like, five minutes!

He smiles.

BOY
About five minutes then?

Elliott's at a loss.

ELLIOTT
What were you doing down there for so long? That's some weird shit.

BOY
Just swimming around. I wasn't doing any weird stuff.

A beat of silence.

ELLIOTT
Okay, well, fuck, I'm naked so don't come over here. Or like, don't go under and open your eyes or some shit.

BOY
Okay.

ELLIOTT
(whispers)
Oh my god.

A beat.

BOY
Just so you know, there's zero visibility down there.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

BOY (CONT'D)
Like, I couldn't even see a Subway sandwich length in front of me, so... you're okay.

ELLIOTT
Okay. All right.

He smiles. Dunks his head and wordlessly comes up with his hair into the classic "George Washington" pool hair move pre-teen girls love.

Elliott can't help but laugh, he's so weird.

BOY
I had such a fun first day. I learned so much stuff about cranberries. Did you know that a cranberry has FOUR pockets of air?

ELLIOTT
(interrupting him)
Wait, wait, wait. You work here, Washington?

BOY
Yeah, boy. Tom is actually such a cool guy. You're lucky he's your dad.

ELLIOTT
How do you know he's my dad?

BOY
Cause you got the EXACT same face. Except you're the girl version.

ELLIOTT
Sick.

BOY
Same cheeks.

ELLIOTT
Thanks. I love hearing that. It's really nice.

Are they... flirting?

ELLIOTT
What's your real name?

BOY
Chad.

CONTINUED:

The air is immediately SUCKED out of Elliott's chest. She struggles to speak.

ELLIOTT
What? What did you just say?

CHAD
I said my name's Chad.

ELLIOTT
(grasping at straws)
Is that short for anything?
Chadwick? Chandler?
(he shakes his head)
Uh, Charles, Chad Michael Murray?

CHAD
- Just Chad.

Elliott looks like she can't breathe. Her ears start to ring.

ELLIOTT
No? Okay. I gotta go. I gotta --
Turn around! Like, close your eyes
or something. Jesus.

Chad is confused. Turns AND covers his eyes.

CHAD
(facing the other way)
Hey, wait. What's *your* name?

Elliott covers herself. Checking back over her shoulder to make sure he isn't looking.

ELLIOTT
Uh. It's uh. Ray. Raymond....
Romano.

CHAD
Like that guy?

She grabs her clothes and runs back towards the farm. Off Chad's face, unsure what he may have said. He takes a beat then goes under the water.

We stay on the water, no sign of Chad. Not even a ripple.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS. LATE AFTERNOON.

Elliott speed walks, out of breath through the woods towards the farm.

She's freaking the fuck out when suddenly she stops dead in her tracks. Remembers something. Gets out her phone. We watch her scroll.

She looks through her contacts. Searches "Elliott". Nothing. "Me" No. Tries "Old Elliott" which brings up a contact listed as--

MY OLD ASS. Off her face, holy shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE. LATE AFTERNOON.

Elliott sits out on the lake in her boat with the engine off. She has her finger hovered over the "MY OLD ASS" contact, deep in thought. Stops. Puts her phone down.

Then, curiosity getting the best of her, changes her mind. Bites her thumb as she sends a text. Her heart is pounding.

ELLIOTT (TEXT)
I met Chad.

We sit on a wide shot of her bobbing around in the lake. A kid on a wave runner speeds past. After about fifteen seconds she gets a text back.

MY OLD ASS (TEXT)
Don't go there, Ray Romano.

HOLY SHIT. Elliott SCREAMS and without thinking, fires her phone into the lake.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S BEDROOM. EVENING.

We are looking down into a bowl of dried rice. We reveal Elliott staring at it. Anxious. A voice off camera makes her jump.

SPENCER
Oooo. A bowl of rice. That's never good.

CONTINUED:

We see Spencer standing in the doorway. Elliott shoves her hand deep into the bowl, pulling out her iPhone.

SPENCER
They're supposed to be waterproof. Or, well, water resistant.

ELLIOTT
(fake smiling)
Cool, yeah. Thanks Spencer.

She shuts her bedroom door with her foot right in his face. Goes to the bed. She lifts up her phone, dials "MY OLD ASS". After a few rings, a voice answers.

MY OLD ASS (OVER PHONE)
Holy shit! This worked.

ELLIOTT
(talking into her phone)
Who. Is. This? Who the fuck is this? I'm serious. You do NOT want to fuck with me. I'm not the one.

From here on out, the messages are played as voice overs.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Oh, wow, you sound so tough. Elliott, you freak, it's me.

Recognizing the voice, Elliott's jaw drops.

MY OLD ASS (V.O)
It's me! I put my number in your phone the other night. But, honestly, I DID NOT know this would work. This is crazy.
(then)
Wait. So, are you following all of my advice and hanging out with the family? Oh, have you played golf with Max yet? I really think you should.

Elliott gets goosebumps. All of it comes flooding back.

ELLIOTT
No! No, I haven't played golf with Max yet because up until two hours ago when I met CHAD I thought you were just a figment of my fucked up mushroom brain... so, give me a fucking second --

CONTINUED:

MY OLD ASS (V.O)
Oh my god. You're so dramatic.

ELLIOTT
-- to comprehend the fact that I'm on the phone with MY OLD ASS!

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
(re: the name)
I thought that was funny. I didn't let you touch it, so I felt bad.

Elliott is gobsmacked into silence.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Wait. So are you, like, at the farm right now? It must be... oh, it's six thirty. Oh my gosh! You guys are gonna sit down for dinner. That's so sweet. Did Dad make his salmon? Ugh, I miss salmon so much. Eat all of it now while it's still around.
(gasps, then)
You know what would be so funny? Do the fish lip thing that Mom loves. It'll make her laugh.

ELLIOTT
Wait. Is mom DEAD?

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
What?

ELLIOTT
Are you telling me to make Mom laugh 'cause she's fucking dead?

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
No! No, no. We just can't do the fish... what? No. She's totally alive. Chill.

ELLIOTT
Thank god. I need to die before Mom does.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Dude, that's fucking dark. I have to tell my therapist you said that.

An air raid siren sounds on My Old Ass' end of the line.

CONTINUED:

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Oh, wait a minute. Hang on.

BACKGROUND VOICE (OVER PHONE)
Basement! Basement!

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Uh, look, dude. I gotta go. I'll call you later.

And with that, the call ends. Elliott, in total shock, takes a deep breath as she walks out of her room.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN. EVENING.

Elliott's family is having dinner at the table. Elliott sits, trying to act normal but is instead acting incredibly strange and stilted. Spencer side eyes her, weirded out.

Tom looks exhausted. Max is shoveling in his second helping. Spencer sniffles, he's watching "Brooklyn" on mute on his phone.

KATHY (O.C.)
Sweetheart, do you need anything else? Here, yeah. Can you pass me that?

Just the sound of plates and silverware scraping for a few beats. Elliott takes a deep breath, smiles.

ELLIOTT (PRE-LAP)
I can't believe this is like...

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S BATHROOM. LATE NIGHT.

Elliott brushes her teeth, AirPods in, talking to her Old Ass.

ELLIOTT
Real?

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Me either, honestly.

ELLIOTT
So weird. Okay, what do we do now?

CONTINUED:

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Uh, I don’t know. I guess, you take my advice and... make our life better?

She’s half joking.

ELLIOTT
Jesus. No pressure.

A knock at the bathroom door. Elliott finishes up.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S BEDROOM. SAME TIME.

Elliott gets in her PJ’s as she continues talking to Old Ass.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
But I don’t want to tell you too much, okay? I’m afraid I’ll ruin, like, the “surprises of life” or whatever.

ELLIOTT
No, no, no, no. We HATE surprises, remember?

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Yes, we hate them. Also, we have, like, no idea how this works so maybe don’t tell anyone about this?

ELLIOTT
Yeah, I was not planning on that. And you won’t tell our gorgeous wife and three children either, right?

Again, not falling for it.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
(laughs)
Three children? Oh my god. Elliott, nobody’s allowed to have three children anymore.

Elliott takes a beat, falls back into her bed. Slowly a smile forms. A weird, excited, may never sleep again, life altering smile.

CONTINUED:

What. The. Hell. Is. Going. On? Off her face...

CUT TO:

EXT. JOSEPH RIVER. LATE MORNING.

A small gravel road and one way bridge stretches across the river in front of her. Elliott steers her boat towards it.

Ro is parked at the middle of the bridge, watching. The bridge is about two and a half feet above the water.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Look, just listen to me. Don't do anything stupid and we'll be fine.

ELLIOTT
(re: bridge)
It's gonna work. I promise.

RO
Elliott.

It's already happening.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
I think.

Ro leans over the bridge just in time to see Elliott laying totally flat using her foot to steer. They make terrified eye contact as she disappears under the bridge.

We hear the horrible scraping sound of metal as she passes underneath. Elliott screams. Ro screams.

RO
Fuck! Fuck! Shit!

ELLIOTT
Oh, shit!

Ro runs to the other side of the bridge just in time to see the boat come out, revealing Elliott still face up but this time, smiling.

Off Ro's incredulous laugh.

ELLIOTT (PRE-LAP)
Got you, got you. And if I don't kill us...

CUT TO:

EXT. ELLIOTT'S PATIO. DAY.

Elliott tries to meditate unsuccessfully.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)
Will you tell me when we have our first threesome?

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Oh my god. Dude, I wish I had the energy to have sex with one person, let alone two.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)
Come on!

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTTS LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Spencer does a magic show for Elliott and her mom. Her mom is THRILLED, Elliott is distracted.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Go hang out with your brothers.

SPENCER
Alakazam!

KATHY
Oh!

Her mom starts clapping.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)
I don't think you remember how annoying they are.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S HOUSE. MORNING.

Elliott sashays into the kitchen where Max is making a smoothie. She's in her version of full "golf" attire which actually means she looks like Billie Eilish about to play a show.

MAX
Why do you even wanna come?

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT
Because... I'm leaving soon and I want us to bond?

Max VISIBLY cringes.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE. DAY.

Elliott watches Max get ready to "tee up". Elliott's burning up in the sun. Trying to make it worthwhile.

ELLIOTT
Anything new in your life?

MAX
Not really.

A beat.

ELLIOTT
Are you gonna miss me when I'm gone?

MAX
No.

ELLIOTT
Fair.

Off Elliott, boiling hot, tired and not feeling like this is working at all.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE. ANOTHER DAY.

It's super early. Elliott is sound asleep in the golf cart as Max golfs.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)
Dude, there's absolutely no way this is making our life better.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Dude! You played one game. Try harder.

Max gets in and starts the cart, Elliott's head whams forward hitting the cart, snapping her awake.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT
Ow! Max!

INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

Elliott walks into the kitchen where her mom is.

ELLIOTT
Hi.

KATHY
Hi.

ELLIOTT
Can I help you with anything?

KATHY
You can take out the garbage.

She's like, wow. I'm SO glad I asked.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARBAGE CANS. LATER.

She throws trash into the neighborhood bins at the end of her driveway. It fucking STINKS. She has her t-shirt pulled up over her nose, MISERABLE.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)
This advice literally sucks dick, dude.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Shut up. You literally suck dick.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRANBERRY FIELDS. MORNING.

Elliott drives her tractor like a seasoned pro, foot up on the gears.

Chad waves at Elliott from the field, smiling widely.

CHAD
Ray! RAYMOND!

CONTINUED:

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait. Is that Chad? Yo, get the fuck out of there.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)
I am.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Run!

ELLIOTT (V.O.)
I literally am.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
I told you to stay away from that guy.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)
I KNOW.

She tries to hide from him. Slinks down in her seat.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL LAKE ON FARM. DAY.

Elliott's swimming, cooling off for the day. She floats, closing her eyes trying to "be in the moment".

ELLIOTT (V.O.)
I got this. We're good. You're stressing over nothing. I'm not gonna fuck this up.

Suddenly she hears a noise from shore. Chad appears from the woods.

ELLIOTT
(under her breath)
Oh, fuck.

Before she knows it, he's heading towards the water. Elliott panics. Looks around but there's nowhere to "hide". She dunks.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE. UNDERWATER.

We are with Elliott underwater as she tries to hold her breath for as long as possible. She opens one eye, wow, he was right. Murky as fuck.

CONTINUED:

Then, she thinks she sees one of the dreaded water snakes and screams loudly.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE. ABOVE WATER.

Elliott pops up, choking on water, screaming.

ELLIOTT
AHHHHHH!

Chad is still close to the shore but he hears screaming and swims over as fast as he can.

CHAD
(out of breath)
What's going on?

ELLIOTT
I saw one of those motha-fucking evil snakes! Swear to god.

CHAD
What'd it look like?

Elliott is too panicked to tell that he's messing with her.

ELLIOTT
It was brown and it was like --
(holds her hand out two feet)
This big and it fucking looked right at me and laughed.

Chad feigns seriousness.

CHAD
I'll be right back.

He dives under. All of a sudden he looks like he's wrestling with something huge underwater. He puts on a big show. Splashing, grunting. Elliott smiles, rolls her eyes. Finally, he comes up.

CHAD
Look, I got him!

He holds up a long piece of seaweed.

CONTINUED:

CHAD
I got him. He put up a good fight, but in the end, I was stronger, smarter AND faster than him.

Elliott tries not to laugh at his dumb joke.

ELLIOTT
Something's wrong with you.

Chad throws it back into the water. A loaded beat of silence. We've never seen Elliott this awkward.

CHAD
How much horsepower does your boat have?

ELLIOTT
How did you know I have a boat?

CHAD
Because I saw you driving it.

ELLIOTT
Okay, peeping Tom.

CHAD
I wasn't peeping Tom-ing. I was just looking out at the open water.

A beat. True.

CHAD
Will you take me for a ride sometime?

Elliott low-key can't believe this kid. Forces herself to be meaner.

ELLIOTT
No! No, I'm not gonna "take you for a ride", I barely know you. You could be, and most likely are, a fucking murderer.

CHAD
I'm not a murderer. I promise.

ELLIOTT
You, I-you are a murderer. I'm like-

CHAD
I won't murder you. How 'bout that?

A beat.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT
Plus, it’s a tiny bit broken right now anyway.

CHAD
What happened?

ELLIOTT
I have no idea. I went down earlier and it just didn’t start.

CHAD
Maybe I can fix it?

ELLIOTT
What are you a mechanic murderer now?

CHAD
No. But I worked at my dad’s mechanic shop my whole life.

ELLIOTT
Oh.

Chad smiles.

ELLIOTT
Are you bonded and insured?

CHAD
Let me fix the damn boat, Romano.

Off Elliott, being mean to this guy is gonna be harder than she thought.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELLIOTT’S DOCK. LATER.

Chad has a small toolbox spread open on the bench seat of the boat and he’s bent over working on the engine.

CHAD
Can you hand me those pliers?

Elliott sits on the dock, trying hard not to stare at his sweaty shoulders.

CHAD
Are you gonna take over the farm one day?

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT
I have zero desire to be a farmer. Plus, my brother wants to so I'm like, cool you do it. My middle brother. My younger brother just wants to move to Ireland and marry this famous actress whose name I can never say right.

CHAD
Saoirse Ronan, right?

ELLIOTT
(smiling)
Why do you know that?

CHAD
Oh, 'cause I love her, man. Have you seen *Little Women*?

ELLIOTT
Yea. A hundred times.

CHAD
So, if you weren't a farmer, what would you doing?

Thinks how to answer this secret knowing what she now knows.

ELLIOTT
I'm not totally sure yet.

He raises an eyebrow.

ELLIOTT
What was that?

CHAD
I just thought if you didn't want to take over your family legacy, then maybe you'd have some sort of aspiration. You know, like saving the planet or... becoming prime minister or something.

ELLIOTT
Well, I can't speak French CHAD, so my dreams of becoming prime minster have sadly been put to bed. Like, what the fuck?

He stands up. Wipes his forehead.

CONTINUED:

CHAD
J'ai réparé votre bateau, la conduite de carburant était lâche. De rien.

Elliott's eyes go wide. Chad smiles, SO FUCKING charming.

Elliott is sooo tempted. She is just about to say a HARD yes when her phone buzzes at her feet. She doesn't see the message but clocks it's from Old Assie. She realizes how badly she's about to fuck up her life.

She groans and puts her head into her knees. Chad looks confused.

CHAD
On peut faire un petit tour?

Elliott stands up abruptly. Trying to shake it off.

ELLIOTT
Okay, I'm never going on a boat ride with you. Okay?

CHAD
(with a smile)
You CAN speak French.

ELLIOTT
Ya, well, I'm smarter then I look, CHAD.

CHAD
I think you look smart.

ELLIOTT
Stop being so nice!

CHAD
Okay! Fucker!

He smiles. Which makes Elliott smile. They just smile at each other like idiots for a second before Elliott remembers how badly she's diverting.

ELLIOTT
(like she's scolding a dog)
NO!

She stomps away. Leaving a very confused Chad on the dock.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Elliott lays in bed talking to her Old Ass.

ELLIOTT
Okay, can you just tell me, like, what does this Chad guy do again? 'Cause, honestly, he seems so harmless. Like, I've never been less threatened by anyone, I don't think.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Oh, god. What happened...

ELLIOTT
Nothing! Nothing happened.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Tell me.

ELLIOTT
He was acting all nice and he fixed the boat and --

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
You let him fix the boat!? NO.

ELLIOTT
He basically MADE me let him.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
(groans)
Okay.

ELLIOTT
Don't you remember that?

A heavy pause between them.

MY OLD ASS
(loaded)
Yeah. I do.

ELLIOTT
He's like, this weird mix of being so lovable you wanna protect him --

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Oh, my god.

ELLIOTT
-- but also so basic you wanna punch him in his weirdly symmetrical face.

MY OLD ASS
Elliott. Do NOT have sex with him.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT
Jesus! I’m not gonna... I can admit someones face is symmetrical and not fuck them. GOD.

Old Ass goes quiet.

ELLIOTT
Hello?

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
No more boat rides with Chad. Promise?

It sounds like Older Elliott is trying to hide emotion.

ELLIOTT
Dude. Are you okay?

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
You should get some sleep. It’s late.

And with that, she hangs up. Elliott puts her phone down.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE. DAY.

Elliott and Max are driving in the cart.

ELLIOTT
Have you ever, like, off roaded with this thing? Just monster truck style?

MAX
No.

ELLIOTT
I would.

MAX
Sorry I’m not cool like you.

ELLIOTT
Hey. You’re cool.

MAX
(teasing)
Did mom and dad tell you to say that too?

CONTINUED:

The pull up to the hole. He gets out.

ELLIOTT
What does that mean?

MAX
(casually)
I know they asked you to hang out with me. Otherwise you'd never be seen with me.

ELLIOTT
You're an idiot. They didn't ask me to hang out with you.

Max grunts. Elliott takes him in, realizing there may be more to this.

ELLIOTT
Do you actually think I wouldn't want to be seen with you?

MAX
I mean. Yeah.

ELLIOTT
Why?

MAX
'Cause I'm everything that annoys you? I like farming. I play sports. I hate Euphoria.

Elliott starts to say something but Max cuts her off as he takes a swing.

MAX
On my last birthday card you wrote "I'd wish you a happy birthday, but cis white men don't need any more happiness".

ELLIOTT
That was a joke.

Max raises his eyebrows.

ELLIOTT
It was!

She smiles at him. Neither of them know what to say.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT
Okay, sorry. I should have written, “The gender binary is killing all of us, let’s hope you don’t outlive the planet”.

A beat. Elliott feels the weight of how she’s made Max feel.

ELLIOTT
I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I know I’ve been like... narrow minded about some stuff and that’s fucked up. So, I’m sorry. And I genuinely think you’re like, the realest. Like, good person vibes.

Max feels awkward getting this deep. Gets back in the cart, staring straight ahead.

ELLIOTT
And I’m not embarrassed to be seen with you. I thought *you* were embarrassed to be seen with *me*.

He turns to her, deadpan.

MAX
Oh, I am.

They both look at each other straight faced then at the exact same time, break into a smile. Sarcasm is their love language. Off the back of the golf cart as they wiz away.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELLIOTT’S HOUSE. LATE AFTERNOON.

Elliott and Max walk up the steps towards the house.

ELLIOTT
Didn’t realize it was such a precise sport.

MAX
This is why I say that the form is important, alright?

ELLIOTT
And I’m sore. Why am I sore?

CONTINUED:

MAX
'Cause you're not... you don't have the right form.

Elliott notices her mom in the Muskoka room. There's something about seeing her mom, unaware of Elliott, nose scrunched in deep concentration that hits Elliott differently. Max passes behind her. Off Elliott torn for a beat, then...

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S HOUSE MUSKOKA ROOM. EVENING.

Elliott enters, Kathy looks up from her sudoku.

ELLIOTT
Hi.

KATHY
Hi, pumpkin.

Elliott goes over and snuggles next to her on the couch.

ELLIOTT
How was your day?

KATHY
(surprised)
It was fine. How was yours?

ELLIOTT
Very good.

She watches her mom work on the puzzle for a minute.

KATHY
Good.

Her mom playfully bumps her shoulder. Off Elliott helping her mom, the two of them snuggled on the couch.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)
Okay, if we weren't the same person and you just met me at a party, do you think you'd even like me?

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Okay. You want to know what's one of the best things about getting older?

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT (V.O.)
What?

INT. ELLIOTT'S LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

Spencer and Elliott snuggle watching "Little Women". She looks at Spencer.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
You stop worrying so much about if other people like you. It's kinda great.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)
I feel like... I feel like I've been kind of an asshole.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Ah, you're just eighteen.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM. DAY.

Elliott and Chad pass each other on the farm, he's carrying something heavy.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Honestly, everyone's kind of an asshole at that age.
(a beat, then)
Why? Are you okay?

Chad waves, Elliott waves back sweetly before stopping herself. The wave turns into an aggressive "cutting your throat" gesture. Points to himself like, "me?"

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Elliott. Hello?

She nods, mouths, "YES, YOU". He looks confused.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)
I just feel like everything that used to make sense doesn't anymore.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Yeah.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT (V.O.)
Like, even Chelsea.

CUT TO:

INT. DUKES COFFEE. DAY.

Elliott gets coffee with Ro and Ruthie.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)
Like, she's literally been my dream girl for so long -- I mean you know how long.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Yeah, I know.

Chelsea makes fuck eyes at Elliott who is zoned out and doesn't even notice. Chelsea looks confused. Ro clocks this.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)
And she's so hot and the sex is so amazing. I'm so confused.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCK. LATER.

Elliott makes out with Chelsea in her boat. Her voice plays over the kissing.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)
Like, why aren't I more into this?

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Well, this isn't gonna be the last time you get exactly what you want and then realize it isn't what you wanted.

Elliott sighs. Taking that in.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELLIOTTS DOCK. EVENING.

Elliott paces down the dock, talking to her Old Ass.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT (V.O.)
How do you ever know what you want then? Like when you actually fall in love, how do you know that it's real?

She sits down on the edge of the dock with her feet hanging in the water.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Uh, you don't.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)
I feel like it's just, like, everything feels right even when it's really hard... correct me if I'm wrong.

There's something so pure and innocent about her face as she asks it.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Uh, yeah, you're wrong. You're very wrong. Sorry.

Elliott scrunches up her nose.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
It's just hard to explain.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)
TRY! Give me SOMETHING.

She thinks. Elliott anxiously awaits every word.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Okay! God. I mean, okay. Love, like healthy love. I guess it's like...

She thinks. Then finally.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Safety and freedom? All at once.

There's a pause as Elliott absorbs this.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)
(not totally impressed)
Sick, sick. Safety and freedom. Okay.

CONTINUED:

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Okay, look. I know it doesn't SOUND romantic to you, but it is. Trust me. God.

Off Elliott's face.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUKES BACK STAIRWELL. LATER.

Elliott makes out with Chelsea at work.

All of a sudden Elliott opens her eyes and she's no longer kissing Chelsea... she's kissing, CHAD?!

Elliott grabs his hair, very, VERY, into it...

Chad begins to move lower on Elliott's body. We are close on Elliott as she moans, loudly.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S BEDROOM. MORNING.

Elliott sits up from her dream. Snaps out of her reverie. Holy SHIT.

Off Elliott, stressed as hell over this MAJOR realization.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM. MORNING.

As Elliott walks out of her room wearing giant sweats, her hair sticking up everywhere, she hears an unusual amount of talking and laughing from the kitchen. She hesitantly rounds the corner into the kitchen.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELLIOTT'S PATIO. MORNING.

Elliott steps outside, screen door slamming behind her, stopping in her tracks when she sees an alarming scene.

CONTINUED:

CHAD is sitting with her entire family having breakfast. Her mom is pouring him a cup of orange juice, Max and Chad are talking, Spencer trying desperately to get his attention. The vibe is fire. Elliott is stunned.

KATHY
Oh! Good morning, Elliott! Have you met Chad?

Elliott is speechless. Wtf is going on.

ELLIOTT
Uh --

KATHY
He’s working here for the summer. He was kind enough to come and help your dad with the tractor this morning.

Kathy is in her element having a guest over.

KATHY
Come on, sit down. Have some pancakes before they get cold.
(then, to Tom)
Here. Yeah, could you pass me that?

TOM
Yeah.

Elliott awkwardly sits down next to Chad. Side nods to him.

ELLIOTT
Sup.

He smirks.

CHAD
Sup.

Elliott... blushes?

KATHY
So, uh, you were telling us about your plans after undergrad?

Elliott looks semi-surprised. Undergrad?

CHAD
Oh ya, well, I originally wanted to go into engineering --
(taking a casual bite)
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

CHAD (CONT'D)
But now I'm leaning towards biotechnology and hopefully getting my masters in pharmaceutical science? To focus on like, underfunded cancer drug research and stuff.

KATHY
That's very cool.

SPENCER
(impressed)
A literal angel in our presence.

ELLIOTT
If you wanna be a drug doctor why did you come spend your summer on a cranberry farm?

CHAD
For the money and the fame.

Touché.

TOM
(like, how dare you disrespect him)
He's a Chatsworth, Elliott.

Elliott has no idea what this means.

TOM
One of the original cranberry farmers in this area, owned the place two lines down. His grandfather was close friends with your grandfather. You two are practically blood.

Elliott is the most surprised by this information.

ELLIOTT
(can't hide her worry)
Are we... related?

Chad laughs, shakes his head.

KATHY
(quickly changing the subject)
Well I think it's wonderful that you're staying with your grandmother. She must be thrilled.

CONTINUED:

CHAD
Yeah, I never um, met my grandfather or even seen the farm before it got sold or anything. He died before I was born. Yeah. It's been really nice... I think I just wanted to, get in touch with my roots. If that isn't the cheesiest thing you've ever heard.

Everyone almost collectively "awws". Elliott included but she stops herself, pushes her chair back and stands up.

KATHY
No. It's not cheesy. That's wonderful.

TOM
No.

KATHY
No, I think that's nice.

ELLIOTT
We're late for our tee time, Max.

He looks a bit confused at her urgency but checks his phone. Stands too. She's right.

MAX
Oh. Uh. Chad, do you want to come golfing with us?

ELLIOTT
You want Chad to come?

Max shrugs, trying to play it cool but clearly he does.

ELLIOTT
(trying to diffuse)
You don't have to. You really --

CHAD
I'd love to. If that's...

Before Elliott can reply, Kathy jumps up, excited.

KATHY
Okay, great. Let me get you some coffees to go.

Off Elliott's face, thinking about how in trouble she's gonna be for this.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE. EARLY MORNING.

Max pulls the golf cart up to the first hole. Max and Chad are up front, laughing. Besties already. Of course.

Elliott sits in the cart. Max takes a shot. He's great.

CHAD
Dude, what? You're insane. You're the real deal.

CHAD MAX
You're a professional golfer. Come on. Okay?

Max tries to hide a smile but he's clearly OBSESSED with Chad.

CHAD
You should have told me. I'm about to embarrass myself.

MAX
Oh, come on. I'm sure you're better than you think you are.

CHAD
Nope.

Chad steps up for his turn.

CHAD
Elliott told me you wanna take over the farm one day. You should just be a golfer.

MAX
(casually)
Well, my mom and dad are selling the farm so this may be my only option now.

Elliott sits up. Turns.

ELLIOTT
What? Who told you Mom and Dad are selling the farm?

MAX
Uh, Mom and Dad.

Elliott is flabbergasted.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT
What?
(she climbs out)
Dude, what the fuck? Actually, what are you talking about? Like they would tell you and not *me*?

MAX
(shrugging)
They thought you wouldn't care 'cause you don't want to take it over anyway. All you do is talk about leaving.

Elliott looks gutted.

ELLIOTT
What!? Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait. Mom and Dad are NOT selling the farm.

Elliott has a moment. Wondering if this is why her Old Ass wanted her to play golf with Max so urgently. Gets an idea.

ELLIOTT
Maybe we can go to them together and be like, this is fucked, you can't sell it.

MAX
Already tried that. It didn't work.

ELLIOTT
FUCK. Really?

Max doesn't really react.

ELLIOTT
Max! WHY are you acting like this isn't a big deal. Why aren't you upset?!

MAX
I am upset.

ELLIOTT
You don't look upset!

MAX
Well I've known for awhile...

ELLIOTT
You've known for "awhile?"

CONTINUED:

MAX
So I'm... old upset. Old upset is different than new upset.

Elliott throws her hands up.

ELLIOTT
How have I been so left out of this!?

MAX
You kinda leave yourself out, Elliott.

Max hops back on the cart. Chad comes up behind Elliott.

CHAD
Max!

Elliott fights tears. Can only semi nod. They both get back in the cart. Off Elliott as the cart pulls away, devastated.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLOODED CRANBERRY FIELD. LATER.

Elliott angry stomps through a now flooded field in waders towards where her dad is out working.

ELLIOTT
Dad! You're SELLING the farm!?

He turns but before he can even answer she's ranting.

ELLIOTT
This is insane. This is like, the lifeblood of our family. Our roots. Our history. Our blood sweat and tears, our literal... LIFE!

TOM
I'm really sorry, Elliott. I honestly didn't think you'd care.

He's joking but also... not joking.

ELLIOTT
Are you selling it because I'm not taking it over?

CONTINUED:

TOM
No. There are... lots of reasons. None of which have to do with you.

A loaded beat.

TOM
I'm really sorry Elliott, it's already in progress.

This hits Elliott. Hard.

TOM
We got a really good offer I couldn't turn down. We'll pass it over after the fall harvest.

Elliott fights emotion.

ELLIOTT
And you were just never gonna mention it?

TOM
Of course we were. We tried. A few times. Hard to peg you down, kiddo.

This guts Elliott.

TOM
I thought you'd be happy about it. All you talk about is leaving this place.

ELLIOTT
My god! I assumed it would always BE HERE!

TOM
(gently)
You know what they say. Assumptions are made and most assumptions are wrong.

ELLIOTT
Oh, is that what they say, Dad?! Why don't you put it on a HAND TOWEL THEN!

Elliott turns, stomp splashes away. Off Tom's confused face.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S BEDROOM. DAY.

Elliott sits on the floor in her room, leaving an upset message for her Old Ass.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)
(into phone, upset)
Where ARE YOU? I've sent you you like, fifty fucking messages.
(catching her breath)
Max told me about the farm. Is there anything I can do? Like, to stop it?

Elliott then spends the entire day unpacking her room. She re-hangs the artwork on her wall. Unpacks all the boxes. Until her room looks exactly how it did before she ever packed a box. She steps back and takes it all in.

ELLIOTT (V.O.)
I only have a week left here. Just please call me, okay?

She checks her phone to see if she has a response from her Old Ass. She does not. Off her face.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELDS. MORNING.

Chad's driving his tractor when a handful of cranberries hit him in the face. He turns. Sees Elliott on the ground, trying to get his attention. He turns off his tractor.

ELLIOTT
Are you doing anything right now?

He clearly is. Elliott continues.

ELLIOTT
Wanna help me sell my boat?

Off Chad's smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. JOSEPH RIVER. DAY.

Elliott and Chad cruise up the river towards the lake.

CONTINUED:

CHAD
I'd heard some rumors. Something about zoning changes and it affecting the reservoir ponds or something but didn't know it was a for sure thing.

ELLIOTT
FUCK. So even the summer boy workers knew about it before me.

Chad smirks.

CHAD
Whoa! Summer boy workers?

ELLIOTT
I was fine leaving. I was really excited to leave. I just always thought it was gonna be here to come back to. So it feels REALLY different now. 'Cause when I leave, I'm saying goodbye forever. And I HATE goodbyes.
(she sighs)
I just really wish time would stop for a second so I could enjoy it a little bit longer.

She stops, a huge realization. Hearing the words come out of her mouth. Her Old Ass was right. She then realizes who she's confessing it too.

ELLIOTT
Sorry. I shouldn't be venting all this at you. Throwing it at you.

CHAD
What? Dude, no, I get it. I actually get it.

A beat. He has Elliott's attention.

CHAD
Do you remember the last time you were a little kid and went to a friend's house and just like, played pretend all day?

Elliott's confused where this is going.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT
I mean, I remember doing that a lot.

CHAD
Yeah, but can you remember the very LAST time you ever did it?

Elliott thinks. Shakes her head.

CHAD
It's that sad? To think that there was a time we were just like, out riding bikes with our friends like imagining we were being chased by zombies. Covered in dirt and sweat, having the BEST TIME. And then we went home that night and put our bike in the garage and went to bed not realizing that was the last time we were ever gonna do that.

Elliott's like, DAMN.

CHAD
But the thing about not saying goodbyes is that you also miss savoring when it might be last time you'll ever get do that thing.

Elliott takes Chad in. Fighting emotion.

CHAD
I don't know I... sort of... it doesn't make sense.

ELLIOTT
That was deep as hell, Chad.

CHAD
Yeah. I went to Poetry University. Majored in deepness.

A shared and loaded look between them. All of a sudden, Elliott sees they are at the bridge. Moments away from being decapitated.

ELLIOTT
Oh my god --

CHAD
What?

Without thinking, she pulls Chad down into the floor of the boat. She's laying on top of him. This time we follow them under the bridge. They're in the dark, breathing heavily, faces inches apart. Staring into each other's eyes.

CONTINUED:

It’s the perfect moment for a kiss when, the boat comes out the other side. Elliott snaps to reality, aware of the big rule she’s about to fuck up. She sits up. Steers the boat towards the shore.

CHAD
Sorry.

ELLIOTT
No, you’re good. I...

CHAD
Sorry.

ELLIOTT
No, it’s... yeah. I...

ELLIOTT
I have to go. I have a... dentist appointment.

CHAD
(confused)
You have a dentist appointment?

ELLIOTT
Yeah. My tooth. My tooth is... fucked-up. So I have to, I have to go. But you can just get the um...
(looks)
This dock. Can you just take it the rest of the way?

CHAD
I mean...

ELLIOTT
Just back to my house is fine.

ELLIOTT
I just, I just have to go.

CHAD
Okay?

Elliott jumps out in the shallow water. Avoiding any eye contact with Chad. She turns back.

ELLIOTT
Do you have your boating license?

CHAD
No.

A beat.

ELLIOTT
Okay.

CONTINUED:

And with that, she disappears into the woods. Off Chad's confused face.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS. MOMENTS LATER.

Elliott stands in the woods trying to call her Old Ass. TIME CUTS as it rings and rings.

ELLIOTT (PRE-LAP)
Fuck.

Off her face, getting an idea.

CUT TO:

EXT. RO'S HOUSE. AFTERNOON.

Elliott holds up what's left of the shrooms baggie at Ro's front door. Elliott tries (unsuccessfully) to act chill.

RO
I mean, there's only a few stems and broken bits left.

ELLIOTT
But that should be enough for just me, right?

Ro eyes her, suspiciously.

RO
Yeah, sure.

ELLIOTT
Okay.

Elliott starts to leave.

RO
Yo, what's goin on? You've been MIA as fuck lately and then you show up manic as hell on a Wednesday, during the random ass part of the day, asking for shroomies?

Elliott puts a fake smile.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT
I've been so busy. Like, the busiest I've ever been.

RO
Right.

ELLIOTT
It's not like that.

Ro isn't buying it.

ELLIOTT
Why are you looking at me like that? I'm fine.

RO
Is this about the farm?

Elliott takes in her sweet friend's face. She wants so badly to tell them about Chad, about her Old Ass, about everything but she knows she'll sound like a literal crazy person so she can't.

ELLIOTT
It's about so many things. But just trust me when I say... it's so complicated.

Ro takes their friend in, concerned.

ELLIOTT
Okay?
(a beat)
Okay.

RO
Well. I'm not letting you go alone in the woods.

Off Elliott, secretly grateful, as Ro walks out the door with her.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE. EVENING.

A smaller bonfire this time, Ro carefully passes Elliott a steaming mug.

RO
I mean, uh... oh I would...

CONTINUED:

Before they can even finish the sentence, Elliott is guzzling the tea. Ro watches, eyebrows raised. Elliott finishes it all in one giant gulp.

RO
I think that's a good amount.

ELLIOTT
(trying not to gag)
Delicious.

Elliott smiles widely. Ro sits down, not buying it but going with it. Elliott's leg jiggles, she looks down at her phone. Still nothing. Fuck.

ELLIOTT
Fuck me.
(a beat)
Do you think I'm high yet?

RO
No.

EXT. WOODED AREA. MOMENTS LATER.

Elliott paces with her phone. Sends a voice note.

ELLIOTT
(into phone)
Hey, so I just did the shrooms. Again. DON'T GET MAD, I'm only trying to... conjure you since you won't answer your fucking phone. I just really need to talk to you and I have no idea how this works so, if you get this... I'm on Maude Island. And, I'm high. Well, I will be high.

She puts her phone in her pocket. Jumps up and down. Stretches. Then after a beat, crouches. All of the ridiculousness dawns on her. She feels like an idiot.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE. EVENING.

Elliott walks out of the woods, looking for Ro.

ELLIOTT
Ro?

CONTINUED:

She looks around, doesn't see Ro anywhere.

ELLIOTT
Ro?! Dude, this isn't funny. Ro? Dude, what the fuck?

All of a sudden, Chad walks up from the dock.

CHAD
Hey.

ELLIOTT
What are you doing here?

CHAD
Ro texted me. Said you needed to talk to me about something?

Elliott is shocked? Ro did WHAT?

ELLIOTT
What?

CHAD
They just left.

ELLIOTT
(whispers, to herself)
Whatthefuck?

He sits down next to the bonfire, pats the log next to him.

CHAD
So, what was it you wanted to talk to me about? Ro said something about needing to "let me inside of your world?"

As he says that, an opening drum beat starts playing. Elliott looks around, trying to figure out where its coming from, confused. When she looks back at Chad, his long hair (which is always up) is down and curled in beautiful beach waves. He is wearing a hand painted tank top that reads "I LOVE JB".

ELLIOTT
What the fuck is going on?

Chad gives her a knowing smile.

CHAD
I... I think I'm your one less lonely girl, Elliott.

CONTINUED:

When the camera comes back to her, she is in the infamous white shirt and pants with backwards purple baseball hat and matching purple sneakers complete with the Bieber wig and jaw mic.

She gasps and covers her mouth.

ELLIOTT
How did you know about my Bieber fantasy as a nine year old!?

He leans in.

CHAD
(seductive)
I know that while all the other girls screaming in the crowd wanted to be the one less lonely girl -- you wanted to be Bieber, handing out those red roses.

Elliott is lost in the fantasy. Their faces are now inches apart.

CHAD
Now's. Your. Chance.

They stare at each other. And all of a sudden, she becomes someone else. With a cocky glint in her eye says.

ELLIOTT
(a la Bieber)
Aiiight, let's go.

The music gets louder, Ro and Ruthie appear in matching outfits ushering out a stool for Chad. The log and fire are gone. The lighting now looks like stage lighting. We see a guy playing guitar in the trees, the drummer is up on the rocks. Bassist on the beach.

Ro and Ruthie start dancing behind Elliott on either side of Chad. They're both super good. Chad sits on the stool, fanning himself with excitement. Elliott somehow knows the dance moves and starts singing along.

ELLIOTT
(singing)
How many I told you's and start overs and shoulders have you cried on before? How many promises be honest girl? How many tears you let hit the floor?

CONTINUED:

She's actually really fucking good. She moves around Chad with confidence.

ELLIOTT
(singing)
How many bags you packed just to take 'em back tell me that, how many either or's? If you let me inside of your world, there'd be one less lonely girl.

Off Chad's teary face.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE. SAME TIME.

We snap to see Ro's sober perspective of Elliott's trip. Elliott lays in the dirt, humming to herself, arms over her head, rolling around suggestively on her back. Off Ro's amused face.

RO
What the fuck?

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE. SAME TIME.

We are back in Elliott's trip. It's her heaven. Ro and Ruthie bring out the dozen roses to Elliott, then dance away.

ELLIOTT
Her hearts locked and nowhere to get the key, I'll take her and leave the world with one less lonely girl...

She hands them to Chad, milking it, singing her part of the song into Chad's eyes.

ELLIOTT
(singing)
There's gonna be one less lonely girl. One less lonely girl, there's gonna be one less lonely girl...

Chad is full on crying now. She puts her hand on Chad's chin. It's steamy, when all of a sudden --

SMASHCUT TO:

INT. LOCAL RESTAURANT. MORNING.

Ro and Elliott sit in an outdoor booth eating breakfast. It's a quiet morning, only a few people scattered around. Elliott is hungover as hell, slouched over, barely touching her food.

RO
What in the fuck? Who are you?

ELLIOTT
I'm changing. I'm growing.

RO
You are.

ELLIOTT
I'm learning.

RO
Do what you want to do and fly like a bird. Wow.

ELLIOTT
I actually don't ever want to talk to you about this ever again.

RO
Why?

ELLIOTT
I got what I needed from this conversation. Moving forward, there's nothing... we're not talking about it anymore.

RO
Okay. Oh, god. Justin-fucking-Bieber.
(a beat, re: food)
I could use some butter. Maybe some, um, salt...

A silent munching beat.

ELLIOTT
Okay. I have a confession. Low-key. I have a low-key confession, okay?

Ro nods.

ELLIOTT
I have like, weird feelings for someone.

Ro's eyebrows go up.

CONTINUED:

RO
Okay...

ELLIOTT
But the fucked part is... it's --

She looks around the empty restaurant like someone is gonna overhear.

ELLIOTT
A guy.

Ro takes a deep, knowing breath.

RO
Oh, shit. You like a guy?
(off her shrug)
Wowww. This all makes so much sense now.

ELLIOTT
(panicked)
Am I *bi*?

RO
I mean...

ELLIOTT
What does this actually fucking mean?

RO
Shit. If you like him and --

ELLIOTT
(cutting them off)
I've just always been so sure that I was only into women?! Like it's never been even a thought for me. I don't know. I've just always...
(sighs)
I've just always been into women.
(then)
But when I'm with him. Like, dude...

RO
Fuck.

ELLIOTT
(overwhelmed, throwing her head down on the table)
No, it's fucked. It is actually fucked.

CONTINUED:

RO
Just ‘cause you like a man doesn’t make you any less queer. I don’t think any less of you for being straight.

That’s truth. A laugh.

ELLIOTT
Straight?!

RO
No, sorry.

ELLIOTT
That’s the fucking worst thing you’ve ever called me in my life.

RO
Like you said it yourself about labels and shit. “If they feel useful, then use them. And if they stop feeling useful, stop using it.”

Damn.

ELLIOTT
Hmm...

RO
YOU told me that. Listen to yourself. Listen to your heart. Your motherfucking gut. Listen to your gut.

ELLIOTT
But I also have to listen to my Old Ass.

Ro looks at her like, what?

RO
You like asses now or something?

ELLIOTT
Yeah.

RO
Same.

ELLIOTT
I’ve been wanting to talk to you about this for a while.

Elliott sits, embarrassed, starts grabbing their things.

CONTINUED:

RO
I like, wanna meet him.

ELLIOTT
Shut up.

RO
Is he cute?

Off Elliott, giggling at the question.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S BEDROOM. LATER.

Elliott walks into her room to find Spencer has totally taken over and is completing a floor to ceiling collage with various photos of Saoirse Ronan. He turns.

SPENCER
(smiling)
Do you love it?

Elliott is stunned.

ELLIOTT
Spencer!

SPENCER
I still have three walls to finish before I move in.

ELLIOTT
Could you not have waited till I left first?!

SPENCER
I actually thought you left.

ELLIOTT
(re: Saoirse poster)
I'm not sleeping in that bed tonight with her staring at me. Girl, this is not okay.

He passes her a photo of Saoirse in Atonement and points to a high corner that's bare.

SPENCER
Could you put this up there? I need to see the balance.

CONTINUED:

Elliott can’t help but crack a smile at this kid.

ELLIOTT
(re: photo)
Where?

SPENCER
Right there.

ELLIOTT
Here?

SPENCER
No, uh, over there. Uh, up...
(she moves the picture)
Uh, down. Uh, a little to the left.

ELLIOTT
Oh my god.

We are behind them as they stand, looking at eighty-five photos of Saoirse Ronan’s face. Off them from behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE. MORNING.

Elliott sits with her Mom outside on the deck having a cup of coffee and eating a cranberry scone. Elliott looks out over the farm.

KATHY
Ugh. I can’t believe you leave in a few days. Are you excited?

Elliott isn’t sure she is anymore. Kathy takes a breath.

KATHY
I was thinking about you last night. And about how, when you were two... and you still hadn't slept through the night.
(laughs, then)
Oh, god. You were such a terrible sleeper.

Elliott smiles, embarrassed.

KATHY
I had to rock you for ages, and you were so specific in what you wanted.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

KATHY (CONT'D)
I had to sing "Twinkle Twinkle" and you needed your blanket and you had to have two passies, one in each hand AND a bottle.

ELLIOTT
Why was I so demanding?

Kathy laughs.

KATHY
I don't know!

ELLIOTT
It tracks.

KATHY
I remember one night I think I'd been singing Twinkle Twinkle for probably forty-five minutes over and over, my throat was SO dry and my legs were all cramped and I thought, oh my lord, I can't do this for *one more second*.

Elliott laughs.

ELLIOTT
You should have thrown me in the crib and told me to get over myself.

KATHY
I know.

ELLIOTT
So what did you do?

KATHY
(smiling, guilty)
I kept rocking you.

ELLIOTT
(teasing)
Mom! Self care!

They laugh.

KATHY
I know.
(then)
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

KATHY (CONT'D)
But I remember one night, shortly after that, you turned to me and you just said, "crib", all matter of fact. So, I put you down and you looked at me, smiled and then you rolled over and went to sleep. Just like that.

Kathy's eyes glisten.

KATHY
And I was proud of you. 'Cause you didn't need me to get you to sleep anymore.

She fights emotion.

KATHY
But, at that moment, I also realized that I wasn't going to get to rock you anymore.

She collects herself.

KATHY
And I guess that's how I feel now. Really proud of you, but also a little bit sad.

Elliott takes in her mom. A sweet moment between them.

ELLIOTT
I'm gonna miss you.
(emotional)
SO much. And I still need you. Like, I'm literally an idiot. I don't know anything, so...

KATHY
No. You're not an idiot.

Elliott goes over and crawls into her lap on the chair. Her mom pulls her closer. Elliott snuggles into her mom's neck.

As Kathy squeezes her tighter. Off them laughing and smiling.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Elliott tosses and turns in bed. Finally, after a few beats, gets up.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Elliott walks towards her parents partially open door holding a pillow and blanket. She peeks in, sees them both sleeping. She then walks to the next bedroom door which is closed. A handmade sign (clearly Spencer's handwriting) reads "Man Cave!! (but come on in, we don't discriminate)". She touches the sign, smiling sadly.

She then cracks the door. Tiptoes in, laying down on the floor between their identical twin beds. The closest spot she can get to being next to everyone in her family all at once.

We are on Elliott, soaking in all of them asleep under the same roof for maybe one of the last times, as Elliott is now so painfully aware of.

CUT TO:

EXT. TINY MARINA. AFTERNOON.

Ro, Ruthie and Elliott walk towards the dock at the marina.

RUTHIE
I'm so excited to meet him!

ELLIOTT
Why am I sweating?

RO
Why are you so nervous? You introduce us to every girl you're banging within what, like thirty seconds.

RUTHIE
That's true.

ELLIOTT
We're not--

RO
Oh, you're not banging?

Chad's at the boat as they walk down the dock, ripping a "For Sale" sign off the boat. He waves at them.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT
Hey! These are my best friends. This is Ruthie, and this is Ro.

CHAD
Hey!

CHAD
Nice to meet you both.

RO AND RUTHIE
You too.

As they all shake hands, Ruthie gives Elliott a look like, holy shit, he is WAY hotter than you let on.

ELLIOTT
I cannot believe someone actually wants to purchase this boat.

CHAD
I know. Right when I came up with a perfect name for it too.

Elliott raises her eyebrow.

CHAD
Ready?
(then)
“Piece of Ship.”

He smiles. SO proud of himself.

RO
Womp. Womp.

CHAD
No?

Ro and Ruthie laugh. Elliott hits him back.

ELLIOTT
That’s the best you could come up with?

CHAD
Okay. My alternative was - “Motor? I Hardly Know Her”.

Elliott smiles.

ELLIOTT
Right there! Golden. Much better.

CONTINUED:

CHAD
Or, I had “Ship Faced?”

ELLIOTT
“Master Baiter.”

CHAD
“Master Baiter”, that’s classic.

ELLIOTT
Um. “Playbuoy.”

CHAD
Yo. How-how does she have so many names?

ELLIOTT
“That’s What Sea Said.”

Ro and Ruthie look at each other, like “these two are a match made in heaven”.

RO
(quiet, to Ruthie)
I see why it works.

CHAD
“That’s What Sea Said” is good too, yeah. There’s so many options.

Then, Elliott notices something.

ELLIOTT
Wait, did you CLEAN her?

Chad looks borderline embarrassed like maybe he was too extra.

CHAD
Just a little bit.

ELLIOTT
This looks like amazing. Like all the rust is basically gone. How did you do that?

CHAD
Just popped in a podcast, little bit of soap, four to six hours of scraping. It was nothing. I was chilling.

Elliott looks at him in amazement.

CONTINUED:

CHAD
You want to take her out for one last spin?

Elliott looks at Ro who smiles.

RO
We're, no... we actually, we're late for something. We gotta head out.

RUTHIE
If there was, like, four of us on this boat? We would all sink.

RO
Yeah. Right? Like, we gotta go, but bro...

Ro goes in to hug Elliott.

ELLIOTT
(in a whisper into her ear)
Way to make it obvious.

They pull apart.

CHAD
It was good to meet you guys.

Ruthie... blushes?

RUTHIE
Have fun!

Ro and Ruthie go. They turn back to each.

ELLIOTT
Bye, guys.

RO
Be safe!

RUTHIE
You guys... be so safe, okay?

ELLIOTT
Mhmm.

CHAD
Nice to meet you both.

CONTINUED:

RO
Nice to meet you.
(then, teasing)
Don't rock the boat too much.

ELLIOTT
Ignore. Ignore, ignore, ignore.

Chad laughs, throws the "For Sale" sign at her.

CHAD
Sorry.

Off Chad's face, excited.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE. DAY.

A montage of Elliott and Chad having like the BEST time out on the lake. Chad drives, they do donuts.

They're jumping in and out of the water, driving fast around islands, pointing out wildlife they see. It's like, the best fucking day ever.

ELLIOTT
How's it chillin over there?

CHAD
I'm chillin... chillin good over here.

All of a sudden when they're ripping quickly around another boat, the engine LITERALLY drops OFF the boat. GONE. Into the lake, sinks in a blink.

They can barely comprehend what just happened. Elliott's hand still lingers as if she's holding the engine handle.

They both just stare at each other, jaws dropped. Then, Elliott bursts into HYSTERICAL laughter.

Chad joins. They are laughing so hard they can't breathe.

ELLIOTT
WAIT. Wait, wait, wait.
(off Chad)
No. Why are you laughing?
(starts laughing)
What the fuck? What do I do? Do we go back and get it?

CONTINUED:

CHAD
You know what? We cut the price to three fifty? The motor's at the bottom of Lake Muskoka now.

ELLIOTT
Fuck.

CHAD
Don't worry, don't worry, don't worry. My Dad's got, like, a whole stack of old motors in his shop. It's fine.

It's a sweet moment. Chad turns to look at her, they make loaded eye contact when all of a sudden, they hear -- THUNDER.

A drop of rain hits Elliott on the forehead.

ELLIOTT
Shit.

CUT TO:

INT. BOAT HOUSE. AFTERNOON.

Chad and Elliott, soaking wet, have swum to shore. They rush inside an old, abandoned boat house overlooking the lake. It's pouring rain and thundering.

CHAD
Go, go, go, go!

ELLIOTT
Oh my god.

CHAD
What the hell? Why is the rain so cold?

ELLIOTT
It's so fucking cold.

Elliott looks around, finds a sweater.

ELLIOTT
Hoodie?

CONTINUED:

CHAD
What?
(takes it)
Wow.

ELLIOTT
I know. I come prepared.

Chad turns to change.

CHAD
Turn around.
(she does, laughs)
Don’t look!

ELLIOTT
I’m NOT looking.

Off her turned away, smiling.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT HOUSE. MOMENTS LATER.

Now in dry clothes, Elliott and Chad climb up to the top of the boat house and look out at the rain hitting the lake.

CHAD
Thanks for the sweater.

ELLIOTT
Anytime.

CHAD
It’s warm.

ELLIOTT
Good.

They sit in silence, looking out over the water.

ELLIOTT
(sweetly)
Do you feel like you found what you were looking for by coming here?

CHAD
What do you mean?

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT
You mentioned something about like, wanting to get in touch with your roots. Like learning about cranberry farming and stuff, so I just, I don't know. I wanted to know if you felt like you did that?

Chad is taken by her innate understanding of the situation. He thinks for a beat.

CHAD
Yeah, actually.
(then)
My whole life, my family's been telling me, you know, how much I remind them of my grandfather. So I think by at least coming here, I got to know him or understand him a little bit better. Which is cool.

ELLIOTT
(genuine)
That's very cool.

A long beat between them.

ELLIOTT
Where do you normally live?

CHAD
Toronto.

ELLIOTT
What?! I'm going to U of T in like, a week.

CHAD
I go to U of T.

ELLIOTT
Wait, what? How have we never fucking talked about this?

CHAD
(smiling)
I don't know man.
(then)
Cold?

He sits closer to her, trying to warm her up. It's a bit awkward.

CONTINUED:

Elliott takes a deep breath.

ELLIOTT
I'm gay.

CHAD
Cool.

A long, LONG beat.

ELLIOTT
I thought I was gay.

CHAD
You thought you were gay?

She takes a deep breath.

ELLIOTT
Yeah. Till I met...

She can't say it. Looks away.

ELLIOTT
This person named Gary.

CHAD
Gary.

He's going with it. She's going with it.

ELLIOTT
Gary made me realize, I don't know, I'm... bi. Or maybe Pan. I've like, yet to figure that out. But, yeah.

CHAD
Okay.

ELLIOTT
And then my friend...
(groans)
Oh, god. My friend was like don't do it. Gary is bad news.

CHAD
Whoa. Bad news?

ELLIOTT
Bad news.

CHAD
What did Gary do?

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT
Well, she wouldn't tell me exactly what Gary did but just that, yeah. I just was not supposed to... go there with him.

CHAD
This friend of yours sounds rather... elusive.

ELLIOTT
Oh, yeah. She’s a real fucking buzzkill but, I’m supposed to listen to her, so.

CHAD
Hmm.

A beat.

CHAD
What does your gut tell you do to re: Gary?

ELLIOTT
My gut, uh, my gut is pretty interested in what Gary’s all about.

CHAD
I see.

He looks at her. She looks at him. It’s loaded.

ELLIOTT
(gathering the courage)
I like looking at your face.

CHAD
I like looking at your face.

A sweet, loaded beat.

ELLIOTT
I want to kiss you.

CHAD
I want to kiss you.

ELLIOTT
Stop copying everything I say.

CONTINUED:

CHAD
Sorry, you KNOW I don't have a brain, don't make me insecure about it.

They both laugh.

ELLIOTT
Sorry. I'm bad at this, so...

So, they kiss. It's perfect. And sweet. The kissing progresses. Elliott rolls on top of him on the blanket.

ELLIOTT
(breathless, pulling back)
I've never had dick sex before.

Chad's a bit taken aback.

CHAD
Do you want to have "dick sex"?

ELLIOTT
Maybe.

Off them, intertwined in the boat house as the rain pours behind them.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELLIOTT'S HOUSE. EARLY EVENING.

Chad walks Elliott home. When the farmhouse comes into view, they stop, look at each other. Neither know quite what to say.

ELLIOTT
I'd invite you in but...
(teasing)
I don't really want my parents to know I hooked up with a summer worker boy.

CHAD
How embarrassing for you.

ELLIOTT
It's not good for me.

She smirks. He leans in, kisses her. They both have a hard time pulling away.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT
See you later?

CHAD
Mhmm.

ELLIOTT
Okay. You need to go.

CHAD
Okay.

ELLIOTT
I don't want them to see you.

CHAD
I'm going, I'm going.

She watches him walk the other direction. So. Fucking. Smitten.

CHAD
Stop staring at my butt!

She laughs, is about to walk towards the house when she hears a noise.

VOICE (O.S.)
Psst!

It scares the shit out of her, she looks around, confused. She then see's MY OLD ASS hiding behind a tree.

ELLIOTT
Oh my god.

MY OLD ASS
What was that?

ELLIOTT
What the fuck? What the fuck are you doing here?

MY OLD ASS
Were you just KISSING CHAD!?

Off Elliott's face like, OH shit.

ELLIOTT
No, no.

MY OLD ASS
No?

ELLIOTT
No... a little.

My Old Ass swats at something that isn't there.

CONTINUED:

MY OLD ASS
What the fuck is that?

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK OF FARM. EARLY EVENING. MOMENTS LATER.

They are both hiding in the woods now, Older Elliott, trying to steady herself against a tree.

ELLIOTT
Dude, where the fuck have you been? I thought you fucking died.

MY OLD ASS
Dude, I was gone for four days, okay? Four days on my Hubbya retreat. I get back, I have two HUNDRED messages from you.

ELLIOTT
Whatdafuck is Hubbya?

MY OLD ASS
It's like, transcendental meditation but better. Penelope Disick invented it.

Off Elliott's face, did NOT see that coming.

MY OLD ASS
Oh, fuck, I was so worried about you. I had to eat like three pounds of my girlfriend's friend's weed to get here. Are you ok?

She aggressively swats at something around her face that definitely isn't there.

MY OLD ASS
What is that? Why? WHY. It's not even dragonfly season yet.

ELLIOTT
There are no dragonflies, dude.

MY OLD ASS
I told you Elliott, we don't tolerate drugs well! I don't know what to tell you. I'm really high. I need like water or something.

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT
You can't just disappear like that. You should have told me you were going on some hoobie retreat --

MY OLD ASS
Hubbya.

ELLIOTT
I found out about the farm and then, all the Chad stuff happened --

MY OLD ASS
What? WHAT CHAD STUFF. What?

Older Elliott looks at her, waits. Elliott is scared to say it.

ELLIOTT
Well. That's what I've been trying to... talk to you... about.

She's not fooling her.

ELLIOTT
I've been trying, okay? Really hard. And I get it now. All the other advice was so good. Like I was taking so much of our life and our family for granted. Yeah, I see that now, okay?

Older Elliott gives her a look like, told you.

MY OLD ASS
Okay. Well, you're welcome.

ELLIOTT
But I was just too scared to tell you when I started falling in love with Chad.
(off My Old Ass)
I know. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I didn't wanna let you down or mess up our life or something. But --

MY OLD ASS
Just say it.

ELLIOTT
We had sex.
(My Old Ass sighs)
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I know you told me not to but --

MY OLD ASS
Dude.

She takes a deep breath. Terrified to say it.

ELLIOTT
Everything about him feels so right. I'm sorry but I've tried SO hard to find ONE bad thing about him and I literally can't. I don't understand why we wouldn't want to be with him. I just need you to tell me what he did, just fucking lay it out 'cause I'm not gonna be able to stay away from him. The connection is too real. So just, TELL me. Tell me what he did.

Older Elliott takes her in, eyes sparkling with emotion. A long, loaded beat.

MY OLD ASS
No.

ELLIOTT
WHAT DID HE DO?

ELLIOTT
Tell me what he --

MY OLD ASS
-- I CAN'T.

ELLIOTT
I swear to god, tell me. It literally cannot be that bad --

MY OLD ASS
He died. That's what he did. Chad dies. And he dies after you've fallen so madly in love with him you can't see straight. Okay? After you can't imagine loving anybody else ever again.

Elliott gets teary too.

MY OLD ASS
And no, you can't save him. I know that's what you're gonna say. But no, you can't save him. There's nothing you can do.
(a beat, then)
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

MY OLD ASS (CONT'D)
You can't find anything bad about Chad because there isn't anything bad about Chad, okay?

There's a loaded beat between them. Elliott feels that her older self is trying desperately to protect her from whatever she's currently feeling.

MY OLD ASS
It's so hard, Elliott. So, SO hard. And I do not want you to have to feel that shit.

As Elliott takes in this information, a new clarity forms. After a long beat.

ELLIOTT
No.

MY OLD ASS
No?

ELLIOTT
No. I'm gonna fall in love with Chad. I'm gonna love him so hard for... however long we have.

MY OLD ASS
You say that now because you're young and dumb.

ELLIOTT
(interrupting her)
But if you aren't young and dumb, you'd never fucking be brave enough to do anything. If you knew how shitty and unfair life would be you'd never leave home. You'd never enjoy time with anyone because all you'd be thinking about is how we're all gonna die someday.
(with confidence)
But when you're young and dumb, you don't think about that. And that's what lets you actually live. So, maybe being young and dumb isn't such a bad thing, have you thought about that?

She clearly hadn't. Before she can say anything, a voice interrupts from behind.

CONTINUED:

VOICE (O.S.)
Hey, Elliott. You dropped this.

They both turn and see Chad. He’s standing right behind them holding a sweater covered in dirt and leaves. Both Elliott and Older Elliott’s hearts simultaneously stop. Holy shit.

CHAD
Sorry to... interrupt.

Older Elliott can hardly catch her breath being this close to him. Seeing him in the flesh again.

Elliott looks between them, heart pounding but trying to act normal and cover.

ELLIOTT
Can you... see her?

Chad looks at Elliott like she’s insane.

CHAD
See her?

Elliott nods. Older Elliott freezes, unsure what his answer is gonna be.

CHAD
Yes?

Holy FUCK.

CHAD
Am I not supposed to?

ELLIOTT
COOL. UM. This is my uncle...

ELLIOTT MY OLD ASS
Michelle. Michelle.

He smiles at Older Elliott, stretches out his hand.

CHAD
Hey. I’m Chad. Nice to meet you.

It’s almost as if it’s all happening in slow motion for Older Elliott. She slowly takes his hand. We can FEEL the moment their skin touches.

MY OLD ASS
(barely getting it out)
Nice to meet you too, Chad.

CONTINUED:

CHAD
I've never met an uncle named Michelle.

MY OLD ASS
That's funny.

We stay with Older Elliott, as she watches him talk. Seeing him again, them together, Older Elliott begins to remember the joy in Chad before all the pain of losing him clouded it.

CHAD
(re: sweater)
So, I hate to be the bearer of bad news, um, I think this got run over by a car. I don't know, but it wasn't me. I don't know what happened. Uh, we can try and get it out with like, bleach or something. And, you know, some good old scrubbing. But, I just thought I would get it back to you...

Chad doesn't know what to say next. Gets the hint.

CHAD
Um... I will catch you guys later.

He starts to leave but Older Elliott stops him.

MY OLD ASS
No, no, don't. Don't leave. I was about to leave so you stay.

ELLIOTT
(confused, hiding it behind a forced smile)
What?

MY OLD ASS
Stay with Elliott.

ELLIOTT
No. You. Weren't.

MY OLD ASS
Yes, I was.

ELLIOTT
No, you weren't.

MY OLD ASS
Yes. I was.

Old Elliott turns to Chad. With a lot of emotion.

CONTINUED:

MY OLD ASS
It was really nice to meet you, Chad.

CHAD
Yeah, it was good to meet you too.

She goes in and gives him the deepest, most meaningful hug she possibly can. It takes every ounce of self control to not burst into tears and never let him go.

After a long beat, she finally tears herself away. We catch a glimpse of Older Elliott's face as she turns to go, finally letting all the emotion spill over.

Chad's oblivious to the INSANELY DEEP subtext of everything that just happened.

CHAD
(shrugging)
Is she okay?

Elliott, also emotional, watches her Old Ass go, having witnessed the pain on her face as she left.

ELLIOTT
Yeah. She'll be okay.

CHAD
Are you okay?

As he talks, we watch Elliott's expression change as she begins to see Chad through a new, softer lens.

ELLIOTT
Yeah.

CHAD
(re: sweater)
I think this is more of a baking soda situation now that I'm thinking about it. 'Cause I think if we put bleach on it, it would turn it all orange and stuff. I don't know. Either way it's like a cold water thing.

Elliott looks at him. Really looks at him.

ELLIOTT
I really like you. Like, really like you.

CONTINUED:

CHAD
I really, really like you too.

ELLIOTT
And I'm really... grateful for this moment with you.

Chad takes Elliott in. That was so sweet.

CHAD
(lovingly)
I'm very grateful for this moment with you too.

Then she kisses his sweet fucking face as hard as she possibly can. We slowly pull back to a wide shot of them kissing by the lake as the sun sets behind them.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLOODED CRANBERRY BOG. SUNRISE.

The sun rising behind her, Elliott works in waders in the glistening cranberry bog. Red berries floating all around her.

As she turns to do something, she is directly facing the sunrise. It's so beautiful, it stops her in her tracks. She takes a long beat, fully taking it in. She looks over to her right and sees her dad and mom working together on the grass above the bog. Spencer is riding his bike circling his parents. Max is at the other end of her bog, working away. She fights a massive throat lump, trying to savor the moment. She gets out her phone. Takes a deep breath.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Hey. Um. I'm sorry. I hope you're okay.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S KITCHEN. LATE AFTERNOON.

Elliott opens the door and Chad is standing there. She suddenly seems shy.

ELLIOTT
Come in.

They give each other disgustingly cute love eyes. Chad steps in, puts his arm around her.

CONTINUED:

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
I wanted to send you... one last message.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELLIOTT'S LIVING ROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

Elliott's family is sitting around having game night except it's the exact opposite of the picture perfect family scene. They're playing Settlers of Catan and things have gotten UGLY and everyone is fighting.

Spencer grabs Chad's hand and pulls him into the living room.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
You're right, Elliott. I should listen to you. I never realized how wise my young ass was.
(beat)
Okay, that sounded weird.

Off them arguing over who gets Chad.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOTT'S BATHROOM. LATE NIGHT.

Elliott pees in the dark. Plays the message. Elliott laughs, wipes away a tear.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
But, what I'm trying to say is, you're right. You shouldn't live your life for me, or for the future or get stuck in the past. Because that is not living.

Elliott fights a throat lump.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
I'm so happy you fell in love with Chad. Because...

We hear the emotion in her voice.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Loving Chad is a gift. And being loved by him is the best fucking thing in the world.

CONTINUED:

Elliott wipes a tear.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
So, just, fuck it. Keep being the naive, dumb, pore-less, smart, happy, confident, brave, self centered, optimistic idiot that you are because it's... perfect. And go live your life with Chad.
(then)
Or Chad and your three wives or whatever you decide is right for you. And I'll go live mine again, okay? I love you.

One final message plays.

MY OLD ASS (V.O.)
Now go say goodbye to that lake for me.
(thinks, then)
And wear your retainer and moisturize, please. Thank you.

Elliott laughs, wipes away a tear.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE MUSKOKA. LATE MORNING.

Elliott drives the boat. Her hair whips wildly all over the place. A massive smile on her face.

Off Elliott, as she yells and guns the engine to its limit.

CUT TO BLACK.